



messing about in BOATS

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messing about in BOATS

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PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

Our Next Issue...

Will carry on with yet more reports from a variety of small boat events as the on-the-water season winds down. The Great Gerrish Island Race in Kittery Point, Maine, for any non-motorized sort of small boats, and the Independence Cup sailing regatta in Boston for physically disabled sailors comprise my reports from the competition scene. The Viking Boat Trials, Dave Stookey's report on a series of short match races involving traditional pulling boat types is more technical than competition news. Non-competitive gatherings covered include Scott Wolff's report on the St. Michaels, Maryland, small craft meet, and my reports on the Annisquam River row in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the Rockport, Maine, TSCA Meet, and our weather foreshortened Homebuilt Messabout at Webster, Massachusetts. Bill Rutherford will tell of a summer camping cruise on Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks, and Tom concludes his "Maine Again" adventure. There'll be more on designs and projects too as space permits, one on the Scottish "Loch Lomond" sea kayak is of particular note. Those of you more interested in the designs and projects, have patience, the winter indoor season is at hand.

On the Cover...

A flock of sea kayaks take off around Misery Island on the Massachusetts north shore in one of the several racing events covered in this issue.

Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**

As I write this column in late October, the season for on-the-water events is winding down, about time for me, as I seem to have really been going to a lot of weekend outings within reach on a day trip basis. I enjoy most of these events, not especially for the "excitement" of competitive action at some, but mostly because they bring together a great variety of small boats and interesting people. They are all grist for my journalism mill here. At any given gathering I can meet a number of people and see, and even try out at times, a variety of boats that I could never find time to get to on an individual basis.

Why it's about time for it to wind down from my viewpoint is that the incessant weekly travel to events has taken up much available time and I've gotten a bit behind on getting out the magazine. In recent weeks I've had more than the normal number of calls about "where is my magazine?" When I don't mail out an October 1st issue until October 2nd, readers accustomed to more or less regular appearance of the magazine in their mail every couple of weeks wonder if something has gone awry. In most cases, nothing is wrong, I'm just tardy in getting out the magazine.

Winter cuts my travels way back, and also terminates the ongoing outdoor tasks that seem to never end around this old house. It's easier to sit here in this office for ten hours a day and grind out the paperwork. No looking out the window and thinking I ought to be out there in that bright sunny day. Of course, there is some hope of getting out to the shop for some boat project work. But, winter is a time for getting caught up some. So, the magazines should be getting to you back on their intended schedule.

It's mostly the newer readers who get concerned when the magazine does not turn up at its accustomed time. Those who have been with us longer know it always arrives eventually. This issue is the 181st consecutive issue I have turned out since May, 1983, I haven't missed any. I've been late a lot. The every couple of weeks schedule emphasizes any lateness, unlike a magazine you expect to get only once every two months, a time span that swallows up even a week's tardiness with hardly a ripple.

The delivery of your magazine is subject to delays on my part getting it ready for printing; on the printer's part when he has big jobs running that require my little order to bide it's time; and the postal service's widely fluctuating

delivery of 3rd class bulk mail. When all these potentials get alinged, like the sun and the moon can do an affect the tide, it can be even two or three weeks after the cover date before you get your copy. Occasionally it happens in reverse, I'm on time, the printer is early, the postman delivers immediately. But such occasions should not lead you to great expectations.

The magazine business is having hard times in the declining economy, those heavily dependent on consumer advertising are in real trouble. Some, like "The Yacht" and "Nautical Quarterly" have folded up. Other planned new publications like "Boats & Gear" got no further than the introductory issue. The short-lived "Row" managed only three issues before folding. Our magazine is less subject to this problem, as we do not depend so heavily on advertising like the consumer oriented publications.

We do depend on you, our subscribers, for about 75% of our necessary revenues. You can be really helpful to us when your first renewal notice turns up in an issue, by sending it right in if you plan to renew. We do not send you renewal notices months in advance, the first one you get is with the 23rd of your 24 issues, and #24 will already be scheduled to be mailed by the time you get #23 and notice it is renewal time. If you put it off a week or so, you get the second notice, in your final issue. Now if you procrastinate, you subsequently will miss an issue or two, and often what happens is you then do renew and ask us to back fill the missing issues. We do so, except occasionally when we run short of an issue.

Any reader who has problems with getting his issues is always taken care of, we replace issues even when you move and don't tell us, the post office doesn't forward 3rd class mail, they throw it away. We back fill tardy renewals. We replace issues that you never got even though we mailed them to you. How can that happen, you wonder? How about the magazine that comes back to us marked "Unknown" by your local postal clerk. When we inquire of you via 1st class letter, we find out nothing has changed, you're still where you have always been. A substitute clerk screwed up and you never got your copy of that issue. Not our fault, but we replace it anyway. We will do whatever is necessary to see that you get all 24 issues you paid for, regardless of where the fault lies.

All we ask of you is that you keep those renewals coming as long as you're still finding the magazine of interest.



Your Commentary

ICE CREAM FOR MY EYES

It was a pleasure to meet many of you at the Rockport, Maine, TSCA meet the end of September, and spend so much time looking at and messing around in so many interesting small boats. Ice cream for my eyes! We are finishing up our Monfort "Snowshoe" geodesic canoes, and meeting Platt at Rockport and getting building tips from him first hand was a bonus.

Listening to Lance Lee's talk on youth programs in seamanship, like the "Atlantic Challenge", made me realize we could have much better boating activities for all our youth here in San Diego. Perhaps we could combine forces with those active in Portland, Seattle and Vancouver and start a "Pacific Challenge" program.

Glenn Goltz, San Diego, CA.

"COCKLESHELL" BUILDING

The photo pictures a "Cockleshell" I built from your patterns and instructions. I wanted you to know they were excellent and that I am very pleased with the boat. I am a junior high shop teacher in



RECYCLING "BOATS"

We find the articles in "Boats" most interesting and always enjoy any special attention to canoes, as we own a 101 year old lapstrake St. Lawrence canoe, "Scherzo". The show and assembly coverage is good to read and it helps us decide which events we will plan to attend next season. After we have read our issues cover to cover, we take them to various friends or meetings and instantly recycle them on to new readers, as well as spreading the word about our enjoyment of the magazine.

Nancy Jerome, Waitsfield, VT.

IN THE TRUE TRADITION

Last summer while cruising in Maine in the old Hinckley, I went through a week of hell with the Atomic Four. The week ended with two dead fuel pumps and one dead carburetor. I managed to find another fuel pump but dead-ended on finding a carburetor within the available time. Along came Serge Ourusoff, a yachtsman who had never met me before, didn't know anything about me, but lent me his spare carburetor in the true sporting tradition.

Bob Smith, Rockport, MA.

BURNOUT?

At first the twice-monthly schedule of "Boats" put me into an increasing state of fear of your imminent burnout. Now after a year of absorbing your variety and depth, I am beginning to fear my own reader burnout. But, I'm game for another year!

John Fuller, Olympia, WA.

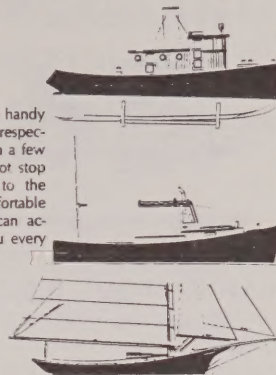
Cheboygan, MI, and my students build cedar strip canoes each year. The "Cockleshell" is going to make a great addition to our boat building program.

Robert Lewis, Onaway, MI.

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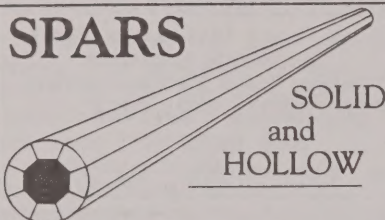
as simply messing about in boats.

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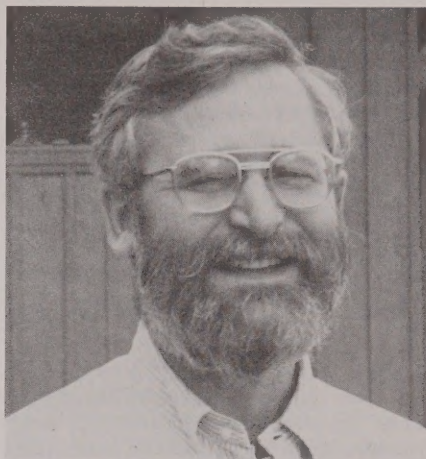
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HAPPENINGS



NEW DIRECTOR FOR ROCKPORT APPRENTICESHOP

Fifteen months ago, founder and director of the Rockport Apprenticeshop in Rockport, Maine, Lance Lee, stepped down from the day to day operation of the boat-building school to pursue interests in research and writing on his favorite subject of the traditional ways of doing things in the maritime world. At that time, Jim Mays, who was serving as President of the Apprenticeshop Board took over day to day operations while a search was undertaken to find a new permanent director. Over 70 applicants were reviewed and in late September the choice of Stephen Barnes of Bremen, Maine, was announced during a launching ceremony for the Apprenticeshop's latest creation, a replica of a 19th century "Sandbagger" racing sloop.

Barnes has a long list of credentials; training as a naval architect at MIT; association with the Hart Museum there; naval architect with Woodin & Marean; and project manager at the East Boothbay shipyard of Washburn & Doughty. He and his wife Jurate moved to Maine in 1978 to build their own home and run a saltwater farm on the banks of the Medomak River in Bremen, where he is now first selectman. Since then, while pursuing his professional career, Barnes has worked in fishing vessels and repaired them; dug clams; and built a large boatbuilding and repair shop of his own, in which he presently is building a 35' junk-rigged sharpie of his own design "for recreation".

"It's like a dream come true," Barnes said of his new leadership role at the Apprenticeshop. "I've always thought wooden boats were fabulous, but it's difficult to find steady work in the wooden boat field, especially in traditional boats." Now he has found it.

MAINE MARITIME'S WINTER SEASON

Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, Maine, will present several series of lectures and workshops throughout the coming winter. Details and prices charged on all are available from the Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

"Our Maritime Heritage" is a series of seven evening lectures which began on October 16th with "Tools of the Shipbuilding Trades" by Nathan Lipfert. Remaining lectures are the following:

November 20. "Paddle Wheels, the Coming of Maine's Age of Steam" with Linwood Snow.

January 2. "Maine Families That Went to Sea" with Jack Battick.

February 20. "You Can tell a Sailmaker by the Cut of His Jib" with Nat Wilson.

March 27. "Tea & Trade" with Jean Weber.

April 24. "Sounds of the Sea" concert with Tom Callinan and Don Sineti.

May 15. "Lighthouses Come in All Different Shapes and Sizes" with Kenneth Black.

"Do You Know the Coast of Maine?" is a series of five evening lectures which began on November 7th with "A Video Journey Down the Coast of Maine" with Andrew Holmes. Remaining lectures are the following:

December 2. "How Maine Provided Granite to the World" with Eleanor Richardson.

January 24. "A Cruising Paradise Unequaled" with Hank and Jan Taft.

February 26. "Maine Islands" with Philip Conklin.

March 2. "Our Future is Now" with Governor John McKernan, Jr.

The Museum will also present three concerts of traditional sea music and six Apprenticeshop workshops. No details were furnished to us on these.

PELICAN OWNERS HANDBOOK

The San Francisco Pelican Association has published a handbook for Pelican owners interested in becoming more knowledgeable about their boats. "Pelican, Pelican" is a 54 page booklet containing many articles from the "Pelican Post" club newsletter; selections from the building instructions booklet; and special articles on modifications, improvements, maintenance and handling. Price is \$5 from: Howard Mackey, 2249 Tamalpais Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530.



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JOHN HUTCHINSON

MARINE ART EXTRAVAGANZA

Marine artists John Hutchinson and Racket Shreve of Salem, Massachusetts, host their 14th Annual Exhibition of their recent works at their studio at 44 Bay View Ave., The Willows, Salem, MA 01970,

from November 2nd through Christmas. They are on hand by appointment or by chance. Both are boat nuts as well as artists. Details from John at (508) 745-5123 or Racket at (508) 744-4324.

MORE ON MASSACHUSETTS BOAT TITLING REGULATION

In the October 15th issue "Happenings" we published verbatim the announcement from the Massachusetts Boating & Recreational Vehicles Department that all boats 14' or longer that are designed for any type of mechanical propulsion must, as of October 1st, be titled by this state agency, whether or not any sort of motor is actually fitted. Since the interpretation of what "designed for" seemed potentially confusing, we asked for some clarification.

To make it as simple as possible, any boat of any sort 14' or longer that has a motor fitted must be titled. If no motor is fitted, but the boat has facility for attaching a motor, it must be titled. Thus any sailing, paddling or rowing boat with a transom to which an outboard could be attached, that is 14' or longer, must be titled, even if you never plan to use a motor. If you have a canoe or kayak with a sidemount bracket for a motor, it must be titled. If you have a square stern canoe, likewise.

The titling fee is \$15. You can obtain an application and further information from the Division of Law Enforcement, Boating & Recreational Vehicles, Administration & Registration Section, 100 Nashua St., Boston, MA 02114.

MAINE ISLAND REGISTER

Persons planning on boating along the Maine coast might find a new publication from the Island Institute of interest. "The Maine Island Register" is a 34 page handbook of island information of all sorts (not just boating related). Price is \$9, plus \$1.25 for mailing, from the Island Institute, 60 Ocean St., Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-9209.

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TUGBOATS & TOWBOATS

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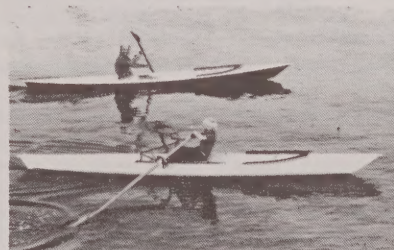
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September is a good month for me for that is when a review copy of Matt Lyon's tugboat calendar arrives. This year it contains old friends and new strangers. All are welcome. I'll describe a few of these "Tugs of the Month" and my reactions to them, saving my favorite for last. By coincidence, it is, for the second year in a row, the tug for December.

As the brief detailed notes at the back of the calendar tell us, some of the tugs are dressed for one or another of several tugboat events. One is Boston Fuel's "Vincent D. Tibbetts, Jr." idling at the 1985 Tugboat Muster. Captain Jake himself was at the helm that year, if I remember correctly, and it must be a pleasant feeling to steer a tug named after oneself. She is dressed with two streamers of small pennants, but the essence of her proud appearance is the always spic-and-span paint job she bears. Marine grade enamel must be a big item in Boston Fuel's budget. This is, by the way, the second year that a Boston Fuel tug has made the calendar, following on last year's action shot of "Hercules" taking a tanker up Chelsea Creek.

February features "Duwamish" and "Edith Lovejoy" in the 1989 Seattle Tugboat Race. "Duwamish" is shown crossing the finish line, did she win, one wonders? Both are owned by Puget Sound Freight Lines and they also wear beautiful paint jobs with fancy logos on their stacks.

December's tug is heading out for the 1987 North Frazer River Workboat Parade. Has anyone ever made up a listing of such events? There is interest, and people will travel considerable distances to see them. Visitors at this year's Boston Tugboat Muster came from as far as Texas and Washington/Baltimore areas.

My favorite action shot is of "Oregon", instantly recognizable as a Great Lakes tug by her pronounced sheer and low deckhouse. She has a taut bow line to what the notes tell us is the stern of the "Texaco Mississippi". "Orgeon" is being towed sideways rather than doing some towing, in what looks like a rather narrow river. She is in no immediate danger of being girded, or capsized, and the deckhand standing by the bow bitts seems more interested in the photographer than in his own job. The

TUGBOATS & TOWBOATS

A 1991 Calendar

engineer, however, has his head out the engine room door and is keeping an intent eye upon the scene.

"Oregon" was built in 1921, but she is nowhere near the oldest tug on the calendar (as tugboatmen say, "Old tugs never die, they just get rebuilt."). Antiquity honors go to "Tramp", built in 1882 as a steam tug. In yellow and black dress, she is shown pushing a bargeload of pre-stressed concrete beams for a bridge. Rather lightly powered for her size, she is nevertheless making good time with her load.

Moran tugs are arguably the tug personified, everyone's concept of how a tug should look, with a black hull, dull red house and a big black stack with a large white block-serifed "M" for Moran. So the ownership of March's "Kerry Moran" is quickly identifiable even when you cannot read her name. She is working the white cruise ship "Amerikanis" in New York. In proper respect for the hull color of her customer, she has a white tarpaulin spread across her bow fender, it is bad form to smear black rubber on the fancier classes of ships. The "Kerry" often has to put a docking pilot on board ships for she has not one but two long ladders leaning against her deckhouse.

"Mister Randy", shown docking a Navy transport in San Diego, doesn't need to spread a white tarpaulin because her bow bumper and side fender strip are made of white rubber, something new to this reviewer. Turnabout is fair play, so two Navy tugs are shown on the next page. "Accomac" (YTB 812) and "Winnemucca" (YTB 785) are docking the "U.S.S. Kiska", an ammo replenishment ship. "YTB", by the way, stands for "Yard Tugboat Big". Talking about Navy tugs, the Royal Navy has a class of paddlewheel tugs for handling aircraft carriers. Wouldn't it be grand to see one of those in a future calendar?

The calendar's title includes "towboats" and there are several of them pictured. I must admit that they don't turn me on as much as tugboats do, they seem to be mere muscular assemblages of boxes on barges that usually do their work in (ugh) fresh water. But the calendar devotes two months to towboats, and I like both pictured. January has a blue and white "Carol Fenn" heading right and passing a left-going "Chesley E" in red and white. Good stuff. May

shows "Mister Mac", a three story color pile-up of black hull, superstructure in white and pale blue, with thin red stripes. Very neat, but what makes the picture work is the photographer's placement of "Mister Mac" so it is squarely framed by the lower legs of what must be a very large steel tower (for power lines?) on the far bank of the Houston Ship Canal. The photographer is Matt Lyon himself, who took about half the photos in his calendar.

October has a green hulled "Pacific Queen" alongside a container ship moving through green water with a green highway bridge in the background. She is a Foss tug with the traditional Foss green hull, but no longer wearing the traditional large white "Foss" name on the hull. The notes state she was built in 1980, and that was when Foss built several of their Super D Class tugs. My information sources do not list the "Pacific Queen" among them, so there is a mystery here. Possibly a renaming? But she is of the Super D Class with little doubt, for the design has an amazing and unmistakable stack, a sharp pointed tube sloping back and swelling out at the bottom. Such stacks seem common on the newer tugs of the Pacific coast, but this example is extreme. We can see a pair in the same style on December's tug.

April shows the "G.R. Moir", an Artubar type and very large indeed (does anyone know the origin of the name of this design?). A wondrous craft indeed. She is one-hundred-fifty feet long and looks to be about eighty feet tall, at least. She has six or more layers of decks piled on a high-sided hull. Built to fit into the notched stern of a five-story barge that was never completed, she saw little service for the first decade of her life. The notes tell more.

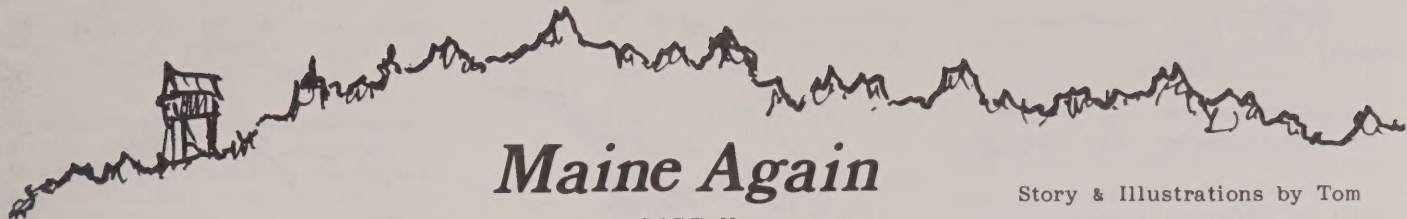
In reviewing my review, I discover that I have mentioned every tug except "Defender" on the cover; and my favorite, December's "Dorothy McKenzie". How can I describe her? Jaunty, pert, powerful for her size, colorful, yea, almost even quaint? There is no doubt that she is a working boat, but one wants to adopt her, take her home, put her in one's bathtub. Is she the toy of a Christmas elf? One can't but chuckle at the sight of her pushing her energetic way through the water. Like last year's "Rusty Flowers", she is a proper choice for ending the year 1991, and a warming sight for that cold month. Well done, Matt, you have selected wisely.

The 1991 "Tugboats & Towboats" calendar is available for \$8.95 (including 1st Class postage and handling) from Harbor Images, P.O. Box 1176, Richland, WA 99352.

Review by Hugh Ware.

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Maine Again

Story & Illustrations by Tom

PART II

A large sailboat was hanging on the only mooring in the harbor. Sailing close by, I hailed it. "Will the bottom hold an anchor?"



BOTTOM HOLD?

"In by the beach," I was told. So we sailed for the beach, where two motor launches were anchored. I dropped the anchor close to the beach so the boat could swing in and I could get ashore. I paid out the anchor line. The damn boat started sailing and crashed into the two motor launches before I could get back to the tiller. I gave the boat a piece of my mind as I dropped the sails.



DAMN BOAT

"You've got a rotten disposition towards boats," the boat replied. Stop being so belligerent, damn you!"

I paddled the boat towards shore as it swung on the anchor, tied a line to the stern and leaped out, letting the boat drift away. I secured the other end of the line to a log on the beach. "Stay there and behave yourself, I want to find out where we are," I told the boat.

There was a boatshed on the beach with an old railroad behind it that climbed a steep hill to a lighthouse. I slowly made my way up to the top where the view was magnificent. Monhegan was on the

horizon to the east. The mainland was to the west. The south was all ocean. A woman came out of the house behind me. "Staying the night?" she asked. "There's a mooring right down there, that sailboat will be leaving soon. Weather will turn bad, three days of rain coming." She wanted to talk.



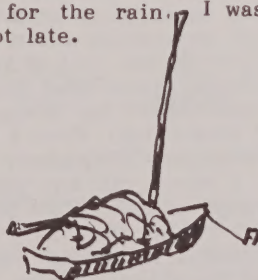
LIGHT KEEPER

I didn't want to talk. She could have got a better response talking to the lighthouse. I made a terse reply and returned to the boat. Sailboat people are solitaires. They avoid people and sail away from other boats. They usually have very little money and are referred to as "cheap". Motorboaters are sociable. They motor towards other boats and party. They're big spenders. By now the sailboat had left. I hauled the anchor aboard and rowed out to the mooring and tied on. For chow I warmed a can of beans with a candle, ate the



BEANS

mess, and sacked out, wrapping up in two mainsails and a jib in preparation for the rain. I was tired and slept late.



TWO MAINS.
AND A JIB

When I awoke I ached all over. Different parts of me were still asleep and I moved with difficulty. It hadn't rained yet, apparently the bad weather was still ahead of us. Heavy fog obscured the mainland. I raised the sails, cast off and sailed by compass toward Fort Popham, a

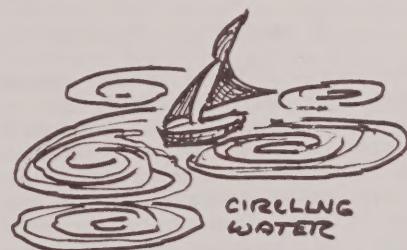
safe haven until the weather cleared. I didn't know the time and couldn't remember the day.



FOG

"Don't want to know too much," the boat laughed.

We passed a buoy #3PI. It was not on my chart. I didn't expect it to be, the chart was ancient. We were being pulled by an unusually fast current with eddies and swirls. I unfolded the chart and



SWIRLING
WATER

found that we were in the mouth of the Kennebec River. The current got stronger, spinning and playing with us until we passed the headland of the Fort. Then it flung us aside and we sailed to the dock. "

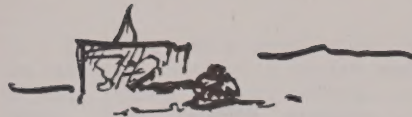


safe

A safe haven from the weather," I told the boat. I looked for the harbor master. Couldn't find him. They're an elusive breed. Fishermen were casting off the beach. An artist was painting in the fog. Campers were picnicking.



VIEW



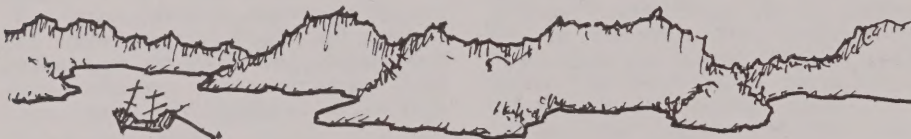
PAINTER IN FOG

I visited the Fort. It was built by Sir John Popham, a gentleman adventurer. He conducted 120 of his like to this spot in 1606



FORT POPHAM

to establish a fishing colony. Two "shippes", the "Gift of God" and "Mary & John" arrived on August 1st. With a favorable wind and tide, they took the "shippes" into the river to find a "fitte" place for



A FITTE PLACE

their "forte". Their intent was to make their settlement look like a peaceful wooded knoll, but they managed to make it as prominent and hostile as a Norman fortress. It was never attacked in all the time it was there since it could easily be avoided. The natives were as friendly as the flora and fauna. The bugs didn't even bite. This was truly the "Land of the Saints".

It was soon discovered that there wasn't a fisherman amongst the lot. After all, they were gentlemen adventurers and gentlemen aren't supposed to know one end of a fish from the other. So when the



FISH?

liquor ran out and the fun stopped, 45 gentlemen adventurers sailed back to England in December. During the uncooperative winter, the storehouse caught fire. Naturally nobody knew how to put it out, so it burnt to the ground. That left them in a very bad mood with nothing to do but mistreat the friendly



FIRE

natives. They abused them, beat them, and set their dogs on them. Then they wondered why these pagans became surly and bellicose. The fauna fled. The flowers faded and the bugs began biting. How a benign insect could Darwinly evolve into a savage vampire in such a short time puzzles modern science. Now they are the fiercest in the world and are referred to as "Popham's Curse".



BUG BEFORE POPHAM



AFTER POPHAM

I put on as much clothing as I could; hat, gloves and boots, and crawled into the sleeping bag and wrapped myself in the sails, awaiting the attack as the sun descended. They came in a great horde with high screeching cries of "Revenge!" "What the hell did Popham ever do to these poor bugs?" I asked myself as I lay there bleeding and scratching. When I decided that there were too many of us aboard, I threw off my wrappings and climbed ashore. "Go bite one another," I told them as I headed for the beach. Fishermen were still standing there with lines in the water. "Fishing that persistently is unnatural," I thought to myself.

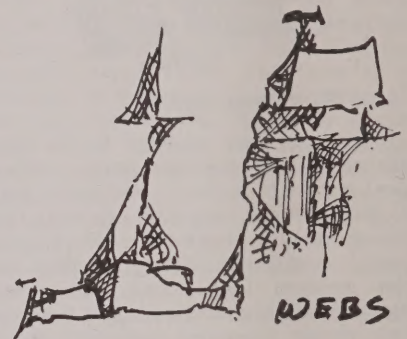
I walked briskly all night pursued by bugs. To amuse myself I thought about Columbus and the world before he exposed it for what it was. I think that the shape, size, and land masses of the world were well understood at the time and merely kept secret for trade



BEACH WALKING

purposes. Columbus, with his P.R. men and news blitz, let the cat out of the bag in order to do some serious plundering for whoever would back him. I wondered what the country would be like if it had never been "discovered".

By now the sun had risen and the little vampires returned to their coffins. Spiderwebs appeared everywhere. It was good to see that the bugs didn't have it all their way. "Go get 'em boys."



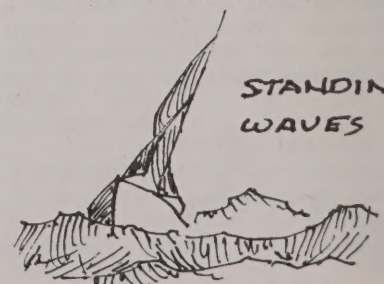
WEBS

I was told again that it was going to rain for the next three days. I wasn't going to wait there for it. The tide was low at 7:21. We cast off at 7:30 into a heavy fog. I rowed out into the middle of the river where the swirls spun us like a top while I raised the sails.



RIVER

A large power boat came alongside and I got that stare that said, "What the hell are you doing out here?". The fog retreated before us as standing waves increased in size. The wind headed us. I tacked



STANDING WAVES

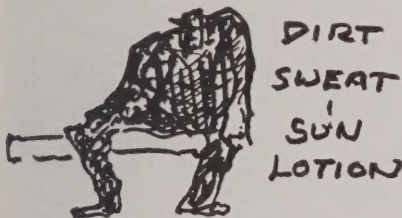
and started taking the waves broadside. I tacked again when the waves became threatening. I thought of sailing inside Bantam Rock bell when rocks appeared dead ahead. It was to be expected. If there are rocks around they always get in the way. After several tacks we cleared them and the land as well. We were safe at sea again.



BEAM SEAS

The boat ran before a westerly wind with a beam sea rolling us, when the outhaul fitting let go. I had to lower the main and refasten it. Without the sails up the boat would always run before the wind. If you've tried to raise a mainsail while running, you know the problem. I tied a bucket on a line and threw it off the bow to help point the boat into the wind. It did no good. So I just struggled with it and eventually got it up.

The sun started to bake my clothes. I began to smell like a laundry. Dirt and sweat personalized the aroma. A helpful hint to the cruising man: I wear my clothes inside out while sailing, then change them to right side out when going ashore. That way I keep the good side clean.



**DIRT
SWEAT
SUN
LOTION**

Monhegan was off the bow when the outhaul let go again. The wind was strengthening, so I put a reef in the main before I hauled it up. Sorry to say I made a mess of it. We sailed into the harbor right



MESS

in front of its Grand Hotel. Many people were sitting about on the porch and the lawn, apparently having seen everything on the island, and with nothing to do but

wait for the ferry, they stared at the only moving object in sight. Which was us.



MONHEGAN HOTEL

"Let's give them a show of facile seamanship," I said to the boat.

"You do your part and I'll do mine," the boat replied. We jibed beautifully before a mooring and stood stationary as I leisurely stepped out on the foredeck, picked up the pennant, and secured it with great aplomb.

A young boy motored by in a pram. "Could you take me ashore," I asked politely.

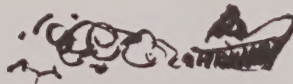
"I'm in a hurry," he said, "but if you can come right now I'll take you in." I hadn't done anything to the boat to secure it.

"The hell with it," I decided, "don't have time." I grabbed the shore bag and stepped out again on the foredeck, but this time my foot caught a line and the boat pitched me overboard. Believe me, that water was cold. I shot out of it like I was on a rubber band.



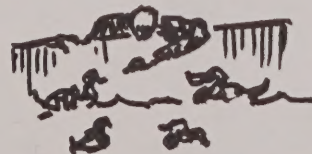
PITCHED OVER

"You're taking too long," the boy yelled. "I can't wait." He motored off. There were howls of laughter from the shore.



CANT WAIT

"Don't ever leave this boat before you've taken care of it," the boat reprimanded me. I changed my clothes, secured the boat, then hung forlornly out of the cockpit feeding the ducks until a passing lobsterboat took me ashore.



DUCKS

The island was a famous art colony, but paintings could only be seen now in private homes by appointment only. There was no public gallery and not a single painting to be seen by Rockwell Kent, who gave the island its reputation.



A single painter stood on the dock painting the sea. I was disappointed and made for the island's famous forest. With no map and an unerring sense of direction, it took me no time at all to get lost. Darkness



LOST

soon came on. I was tired and hungry when I spotted three deer in a clearing and made for them. They bounded off. I followed obediently and soon found myself back at the boat.

In the beginning of this cruise I had the boat all straightened out and knew where everything was. But early on, we rolled to a good sea and a gust of wind. Everything had crashed around in great fun. Now it was hide-and-seek and peek-a-boo. I made a meal with whatever I could find. Mixed it together, heated it with a candle, then looked for a spoon, fork or knife. I couldn't find anything. That left me to lap the food out of the pan like a dog.

(To Be Concluded)



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Sliding seat rowing shells and multi-oared pulling boats have come to dominate this annual rowing race sponsored by Newburyport's Custom House Museum. The event started out just for traditional dories and was originally called a "dory race". This September, 12 sliding seat shells and 11 multi-oared (more than two rowers) boats were the majority in the 32 boat entry. Lone kayaker Don Gately, in his just acquired Wave Piercer, found out at the finish that there was no class for him, so his time was not taken, just his \$10 registration fee. C'mon, you guys.

The 3.5 mile course runs downstream on the Merrimack River from Amesbury to Newburyport, timed to go with the outgoing tide, and using the northerly channels less frequented by heavy powerboat traffic due to shoals and rocks. The surrounding scenery here is rural and attractive until the last half-mile when the course rejoins the main river channel going into the marina-choked Newburyport waterfront area. Despite quite clear instructions and a map, several of the fixed seat double Banks dories from Gloucester earned themselves the special class designation, "Gloucester Cutters" when they went to the south side of the is-

The 9th Annual Mighty Merrimack Rowing Race

lands in the river, rejoining the main channel far upstream of where they were supposed to and effectively shortening their course.

First overall was taken by Tom Dean of Dixfield, Maine in his sliding seat single shell, but elapsed times were not recorded, just finishing times for each class to determine finishing order. The most spectacular finish was that of the Banks dory of Jack Alexander and Tom Perkins of Gloucester, who fought it out with Ed McCabe and his three man crew in a currach, only to be centerpunched at the finish by the currach, even though they were in separate classes.

The "persistence prevails"

award, had there been any, would have gone to the three women who rowed Mel Ross' "Pookey" in their first ever rowing race, for Marilyn Allen, Paula Nazzaro and Virginia Hayford went the distance. A week before they were innocent powerboat folks at the marina upstream where Mel keeps a boat. After listening to him wax eloquently about the joys of rowing, they held two short practice sessions and then went for it. Good sports all.

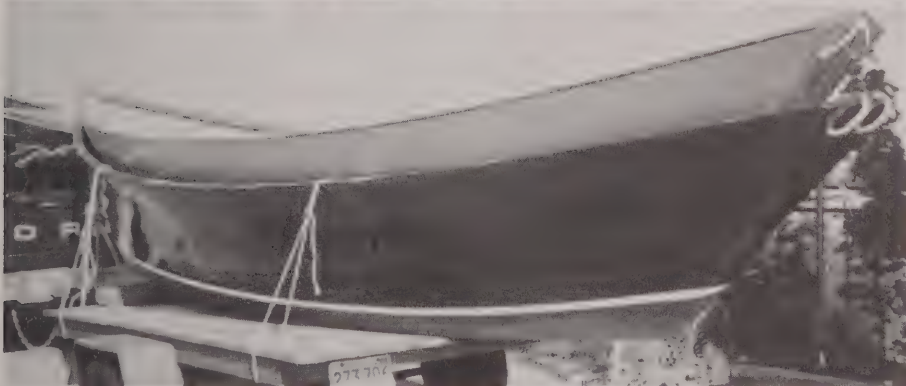
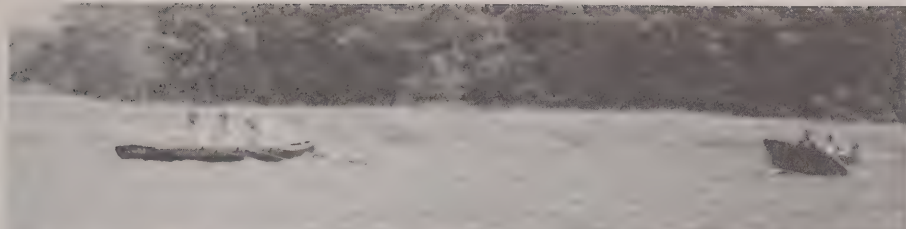
David Stookey bested the traditional fixed seat singles in his Chamberlain gunning dory; "Kittery" had no challengers in the multi-oared with "Pilot" absent, and easily bested the smaller three-men craft. And the Triton Regional High School kids were there again with their big Banks dories.

The course is enjoyable, but the organization is in need of some more skilled people, and more hot dog rolls should be laid on for next year for the post race feeding of the participants, a dog in a napkin somehow lacks charm. For \$10 the participants should enjoy better scoring, better post race refreshments, and some more significant prizes in addition to the subscriptions I was asked to donate.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Left from the top: Dave Stookey took the win in traditional singles in his Chamberlain gunning dory. Ed Younie has a sliding seat rig in his homebuilt stripper canoe. "Pookey" soldiers on with Marilyn Allen, Paula Nazzaro and Virginia Hayford at the oars. Right from the top: The Anderson/Davis double shell. A family outing, note child's head behind dad.





From the top: Ed McCabe and friends in a currach pursuing Jack Alexander and Tom Perkins in a Banks dory. Cliff Punchard gets his back into it. Sliding rigger on sailboard vs. sliding seat in classic lapstrake hull. A Monfort geodesic Whitehall. Don Gately in his Wave Piercer, "sorry no time, no class for you." The Banks dories from Gloucester ready to go home.



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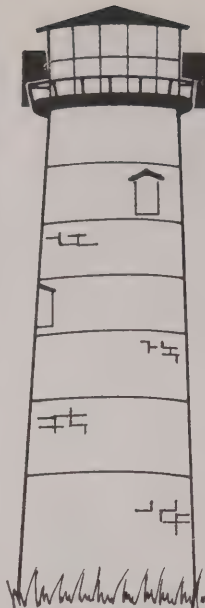
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THIRD ANNUAL MINOT LIGHT ROUND-ABOUT



"Pilot" and "Kittery" round Minot's Light.

The day of the 3rd Annual Minot's Light Roundabout, September 15th, started out quite nicely. The weather was mild and there was a moderate wind out of the southeast. Entries included twelve sliding seat Aldens, three of which were rowed by women; a sliding seat rowing canoe; a Fast Start sliding seat shell; and a dory. And then there was an interesting array of multi-oar fixed-seat pulling boats. "Kittery" and "Pilot", two Scilly Isles gigs, would continue their rivalry, but today to make it interesting, they chose to mix crews to test the boat speeds. And two 24' "barges", flat-bottomed plywood bateaus crewed by Hull youth crews rounded out this fleet.

The course was set off Sandy Beach in Cohasset, Massachusetts, in triangular format. A one-mile leg to the northeast to a marker led to a second leg of 1-1/2 miles southward to round famed Minot's Light, and head back to the beach 2-1/2 miles, almost due west. The first "problem" of the day showed up when trying to launch the boats off the beach through breaking waves. Many needed time to "bail out" after launching. At about 9:30 a.m. the race got underway, led by the Aldens, with the multi-oared boats following.

It was soon evident that the swells were larger than anticipated, and a few of the sliding seat boats wisely turned back as their rowers lacked experience in dealing

with these conditions. As the fleet rounded the first mark and headed south towards Minot's Light, about a mile offshore, the weather deteriorated rapidly. The wind picked up and the western sky darkened ominously. The swells around Minot's were heavy and extreme care had to be taken to not round too closely and get caught in the large breaking seas.

Halfway back to the beach, I looked over my shoulder from my Alden and saw that the sky back of the beach was so dark that the streetlights had turned on. The wind was now very strong from the west, right where we were heading. Then the front moved through the race course with heavy rain, thunder and lightning and wind. It all came down on us at once it seemed. Fortunately we had several chase boats to maintain contact with all the rowers. The Cohasset harbor master had called the Coast Guard when he saw the weather deteriorating so rapidly and found his own boat was out of commission. The Coast Guard was on hand during the worst part of the squall. Rowing hard to shorten our exposure to these elements seemed to be the choice of most rowers and we all sprinted for the beach.

Dick Vaill turned in a 50:33 for fastest time in his Alden, with Kate O'Brien doing it in 51:57 in hers. Timing for the multi-oared boats was not recorded due to the terrible conditions on the beach as they finished, but "Pilot" beat "Kittery" in about 51 minutes. Those of us who enjoy rowing Aldens were pleased to have the fixed seat gigs and barges come to our race. I wish I could have spent more time watching them in action, but rowing my Alden in the conditions which developed took my total attention!

Report & Photo from Jack Hubbard.

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John Aborn's 22' wherry in the surf off Little Misery, Baker's Island in the background. They were first multi-oar.

Great Misery Island Race

The weather was really nice for this year's Misery Island Rowing (and Paddling) Race off Beverly, Massachusetts, hosted annually by local oarsman Henry Szostek. It was a fluke. Henry originally planned to run it on Saturday, September 22nd, but it got listed in the Cape Ann Rowing Club newsletter for the 23rd and we picked it up from there for our "Happenings" listing. The 22nd brought high winds and ominous clouds and rain, no doubt expecting to find Henry and friends on West Beach again looking out to the island and wondering about going for it. By the 23rd all was sunny and bright and a bit breezy.

This event requires participants to put in at West Beach on the mainland and row or paddle about a half-mile out to Misery Island, where the start and finish are located, as well as the post race chowder and beer party. Misery Island is a privately owned nature preserve open to public day use. The name goes back to around 1800 and describes the winter casting away of some seamen thereon. Apparently this lack of easy accessibility puts off some potential entrants accustomed to having their support vehicles right at hand.

The fleet this year was good sized for the low key affair, about two dozen boats, half of them sea kayaks. Henry has welcomed the growing swarm of such craft showing up, and early on, the beach on

the island was nearly all kayaks, so we were wondering if any rowing boats would come. They did and all had a good time.

The course passed around the island in a counter-clockwise direction from just off its beach, with sliding seat boats required to go an extra distance out around adjacent Little Misery Island first to sort of handicap them. Then it headed out into Salem Sound to a marker buoy, where again the sliding seat boats had to go to a further mark, before turning back in to the beach on Misery. About 3 miles in all. Some fun occurred at the turning mark when it happened that a sailboat race from nearby

Marblehead was also using it as a turning mark. The sailors were kind of upset about these little paddle and oar boats getting in the way of their important event. But these are public waters.

Henry races himself, so he got the starting cannon (he builds them) fired by the lone onlooker who had ferried over to the island (other than we journalists). And nobody took any times or noted finishing order at the beach, it was "do-it-yourself" at awards time. "Okay," announced Henry, "we've got some prizes here (hand-made miniature oars Henry makes each year), so who won?" Each class then determined who was first to

John Bolduc (right) and Mark Blacquiere were 1-2 finishers. John sold Mark his McNulty in order to buy the Wave Piercer he saw advertised locally for only \$500! Both the guys were rolling like seals.





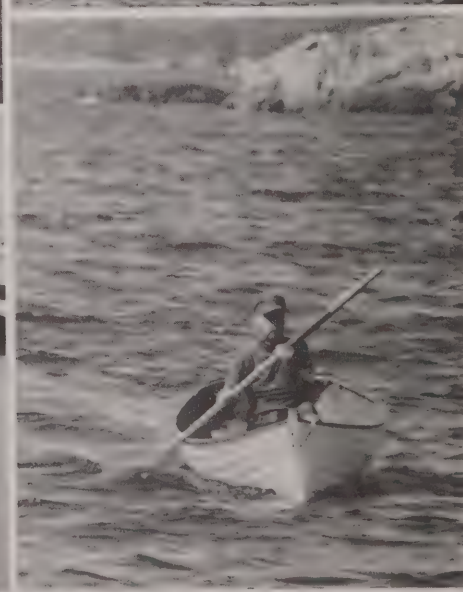
the beach, not a bad system. And then it was chowder and beer (or soft drink) time. Henry even cooks up the seafood chowder at home, ferries it over to the island, and heats it up on a campfire that is started before the race and tended by whoever remains onshore. Over the years its evolved into some tasty dish.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks.



Left from the top: Your basic sort of boats; a "Poke Boat" kayak and a plywood double-ender; good match. The sea kayak fleet digs out from the start...and heads for the first point on the island. Ruth Kuykendall, who characterized herself as the "token female" paddler, receives her last place award from Henry.

Below from top: Forrest Dillon sails his Dirigo across the finish, that's a Windspeed Design spinnaker rig. When you lose an oarlock in a row-boat, you paddle home.



TSUNAMI™



Jim Tennerman was at Misery Island with a Tsunami X-1 Rocket Boat, one of those open cockpit sea kayaks for surfing excitement. It is designed for very heavy duty conditions, built of FRP, E-glass, S-glass, Kevlar and stainless steel. After the race, Jim had several of the hotshot kayakers trying it out in the modest little waves breaking on the beach. The wash deck cockpit allows for simple self-rescue in event of a capsize, and given the chosen venue for paddling this specialty kayak, that's likely to happen. Some of the quotations in the brochure catch the spirit of this craft.

"My Rocket boat is perfect for serious rock bashing!"

"I like being able to climb back on my X-1 when I fall off in the surf zone."

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Jim has a video available on the boat in action and will take serious prospects for tryouts by pre-arrangement. He can be reached at 42 Parker St., Cambridge, MA 02138, (617) 4911-1172.



Jim conducts an intro session in the Tsunami (top); and discusses the boat with Don Felt (below). Don paddles a 19' Seda, came in 3rd, was celebrating his imminent 70th birthday!

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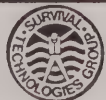
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Built Her Myself

By Jim Lacey
Illustrations by Robert Banks

Toward the end of the boat season a few years back, after sailing a wet Sunfish for a decade, I decided it was time to move up to a boat I could *sit in* rather than *hang onto*. Dreams of daysailers floated through my head.

On September weekends I haunted boat-yards along the Connecticut shore from Clinton to Mystic. None of the used boats resembled my fancy. They sagged suspiciously on weathered trailers and seemed permanently landlocked. As for the new boats on display, all gloss and squeak, I wondered who would launch such perfection at the risk of scratching the lustrous gelcoat.

As the gloom of a New England winter settled over the land, I browsed through back numbers of boating magazines and launched many a paper dream on the fair weather seas of fantasy. One of these was the Leeward 16, a daysailer that Luger Boats sells in a kit.

At first, the idea of building a boat from a kit was just another fantasy. My last project was an airplane, a model of a World War II Mustang, that I built at the age of twelve. I have often felt totally incompetent in matters requiring a handyman's skills; however, the Luger catalog was reassuring.

Only average skills and ordinary household tools were required, it said, and I at least knew the working end of a screwdriver. The hull came in one piece, with the deck and cuddy cabin "precision engineered" to slip right on it. Accordingly to the lyricist who wrote the catalog copy, the boat could easily be completed over a weekend in spare time, and all I'd have to do to save half the price of a comparable factory-made boat was to glass together pre-finished components and screw in the hardware. The finishing touch was the sly suggestion that building the Leeward 16 would provide me with endless opportunities to brag.

"Neat boat," I could imagine the launch pilot at Spicer's saying.

"Built her myself," I'd reply.

Dumb Determination

The Leeward 16 arrived in two shipments. The first included everything but the hull, deck, and centerboard well. There appeared to be enough lumber -- marine ply-

wood and oak -- to build a utility shack. The 20-foot mast was open-ended and innocent of hardware, as was the boom. I was relieved to find that the sails came complete. There were 16 plastic bags of metal parts and fittings -- screws and bolts of every description, blocks, cleats, aluminum castings, sheaves, gudgeons, pintles, and a miscellany of hardware with springs, swivels, and pins. There was also a 5-gallon jug of syrup and a rolled-up rig of white, prickly material. When I figured out that these were fiberglass and polyester resin, I naively thanked the Luger people for sending me ten times the amount of material I would need for the job.

The instructions were more alarming than the plethora of materials. The hefty roll of blueprints provided puzzling gameboards of lines, arrows, and mysteriously anatomized objects and looked more like instructions to build a house than to assemble a daysailer. I began to suspect that the brochure's estimate that the job could be done on a weekend was a shade optimistic. It would take me a week just to sort out the parts and read the instructions.

The hull, deck, cabin, seats and centerboard arrived on an 18-wheeler a week later in a single, wood-framed, steel-strapped box measuring 16'x 6'3"x2' and weighing 500 pounds. With the help of the truck driver and my son Chris, this dainty parcel was unloaded onto my driveway. Uncrating this package turned up the sort of surprise that was becoming familiar. The "one-piece, molded centerboard enclosure" turned out to be precisely that, one long strip of fiberglass that would have to be cut into sections and assembled with wood, bolts and caulking. I had assumed that the well would come ready for installation, the way it was shown in the catalog. The project, I realized, was going to take weeks, maybe months.

To my wife's dismay, boat parts and materials began to take over our home. The white, gleaming hull and deck cluttered the backyard and ruined the lawn; piles of wood and assorted hardware invaded the living room; and work benches piled with tools, trays and smelly buckets intruded upon the cool serenity of the cellar. And despite all the disruption, I had not yet begun to build the

boat!

Actually, I was stalling. All along, in my mind's eye, I had pictured myself as a sort of supervisor of the project. The real work, the drudgery, I had imagined, was to be done by Chris and a couple of friends who would intuit my sentiments and show up, tools in hand. Chris, however, was putting in eight hours a day as a mechanic at the Rainbow Cycle Shop downtown and spending his spare time patching up his Chevy Nova in a converted chicken coop. Likewise, my friends appeared to have other things to do with their summer, things that for some reason took precedence over building my boat for me. At first with alarm and then gradually with a glow of confidence, I realized that I would have to build this boat **by myself**.

Building this boat required dumb determination, occasional ingenuity and courage, rather than skill or experience. The very first step, cutting a 63"x 1-1/8" slot for the centerboard in the virgin hull, is a good example. It does not require great skill to cut a reasonably straight line through 1/8" thick fiberglass with a Black and Decker jigsaw. Locating and marking the slot on a compound-curved surface, however, was a challenge; reaching over the unreinforced and wobbly hull to make the cut was nerve wracking. An improvised harness hung from a maple enabled me to lean over the hull without putting weight on it. Courage? Simply making the cut, knowing full well that you're in **big** trouble if you screw it up, requires courage. After all, isn't the willingness to take a risk, despite possibly unfortunate consequences, a good working definition of courage?

Many of the tasks I looked forward to with trepidation turned out to be easy. Cutting the extruded aluminum to size with a handsaw, fashioning slots for bolt-ropes and installing castings on the mast and boom went quickly and smoothly. Even constructing and mounting the centerboard well, which appeared so improbable on the blueprint, yielded to patience and the step-by-step process illustrated.

On the other hand, some of the steps that looked simple turned out to be troublesome. After installing cleats and other deck hardware without incident, for example, I didn't

think attaching the bow eye would be so exasperating and exhausting, but it proved almost impossible to get any purchase on the bolts or even to get at them with anything larger than your old-fashioned skate key. Mounting the pre-cut plywood supports for the seats, deck and transom appeared to involve nothing more than a few screws here and there and glassing the sections to the hull. The plywood didn't fit, however, it was warped the wrong way. Whenever the forward end of the seat-support was fitted properly, the after end would pop out. What to do? Measure, cut, sand, soak, eyeball in, cut, fit, swear, **FORCE** the goddam thing. It took much of a week to get it more or less right. In building a boat, as with high affairs of state, there are occasions when reason and gentle persuasion give way to violence.



One luxurious pleasure I discovered was frequent escape from the task at hand to explore Surplus Center and Willard's, a combination lumberyard, hardware store and supplier of construction materials. An entire afternoon can be spent in the selection of a useless drill attachment or a plausible clamp. Evenings, likewise, can slip by pleasantly while pouring over Goldberg's or Boat-US catalogs, making out lists of items to be purchased -- fenders, running lights, a VHF and (fantasy again) all sorts of electronics. In working on a boat, I learned that much of the job is in the anticipation. It is a fortunate sailor who owns a boat that he likes to think about.

Arm-twisting Launch

The city of Willimantic, Connecticut, has roughly 19,000 inhabitants and, as I was building Whitecap in my backyard, it appeared that each and every one of them had taken note. In my office at the university and during happy hour at Clark's, the universal inquiry was when would I finish the boat. Any notion of **not** finishing the project, therefore, was clearly out of the question. By the end of August, the hull, deck, cabin and centerboard were assembled, and I could claim I had what looked like a boat -- one that probably would float. The following spring I worked on the mast, boom and rigging, and by mid-July Whitecap was complete, more or less.

The fact is that a boat you build yourself is never new and never finished. She hasn't the mystery, the virginal innocence of a glossy new vessel just launched at the boatyard. You know her from stern to stern and can think of a number of things that aren't quite right or that can be improved. A boat

fresh from the factory seems complete, which may explain why in almost ten years I never thought of adding a rope of altering a screw on my Sunfish. Whitecap's rig, on the other hand, changes as often as I see an interesting idea in a magazine or on another boat. She currently sports jibsheet jam cleats on the centerboard well cover, a Gerr jib downhaul and lazy jacks. This spring my wife was surprised and amused to find me at the sewing machine, installing jiffy reefing on the mainsail and making acrylic covers for the main and jib. She isn't the first spouse to discover the skipper eagerly performing tasks for his darling boat that he would shirk around the house.

Whitecap was launched in August after some arm-twisting by Chris. Returning home one afternoon from the bike shop, he said, "Why don't we put her in the water?" I objected that it was too late in the day, that the rigging wasn't quite right, and so on. His look suggested he knew I was once again stalling.

We trailered her to the public launch at Mansfield Hollow Dam, a 15-minute drive from my front door. I was relieved to find the parking lot and ramp empty, and the calm surface of the lake uninterrupted except for two bass fishermen. Without audience or incident, we launched Whitecap, and as if on cue the breeze came, a whiff first and then a gust. As soon as her sails were set, Whitecap leaped ahead, free, it seemed, after two summers spent up in a backyard. "Hey," Chris said, "this boat likes to sail."

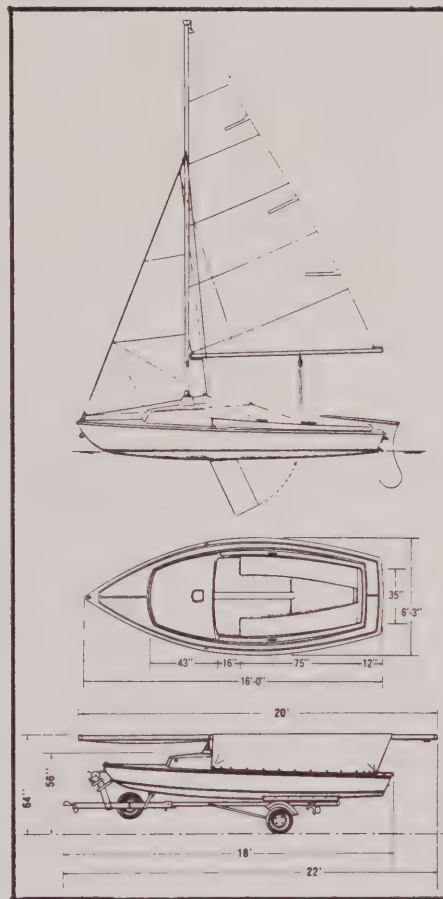


How did my experience building the Leeward 16 compare with the rosy rhetoric of the Luger brochure? The boat **can** be built with ordinary household tools, though fancier equipment -- say, a grinder and a press drill -- would make some of the tasks less unnerving or irksome. And while I'm proof that less-than-average do-it-yourself skills will get the job done, I would class the claim that the boat can be completed in a weekend with the extravagant yarns sailors are wont to swap in a cozy tavern.


Would I build the Luger 16 again? Well, there are a number of things I'd do differently, but that's true of all experience, I suppose. Building a kit didn't get me on the water as fast as buying a boat, and I would have been able to get more boat with less trouble by scouring the used-boat listings and the trade-ins in the boatyards. But it did give me the chance to mess around with marine materials and learn some boatbuilding basics. I'd have to say constructing Whitecap was worth the effort.

If I had known what I know now, I probably would have built a sailing skiff with plywood and epoxy. If cost is a major concern, comparable used boats I've seen advertised in Messing About in Boats are considerably less expensive than the Luger kit.

When my dream machine began to conjure up a boat with a modest cabin for week-ending with my wife, I briefly thought of building one of Bruce Kirby's Norwalk Islands Sharpies. But since life is short and, for me at least, building a boat is almost eternal, I bought a Ted Brewer-designed Nimble 20. Building Whitecap has given me the confidence to repair and customize Chatterwing, a boat that should fulfill my fantasies form some time to come.



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On the Trail of Lewis & Clark

Journal
Upper Missouri River Canoe Trip
Matthews-Wetherell Party
June 1989

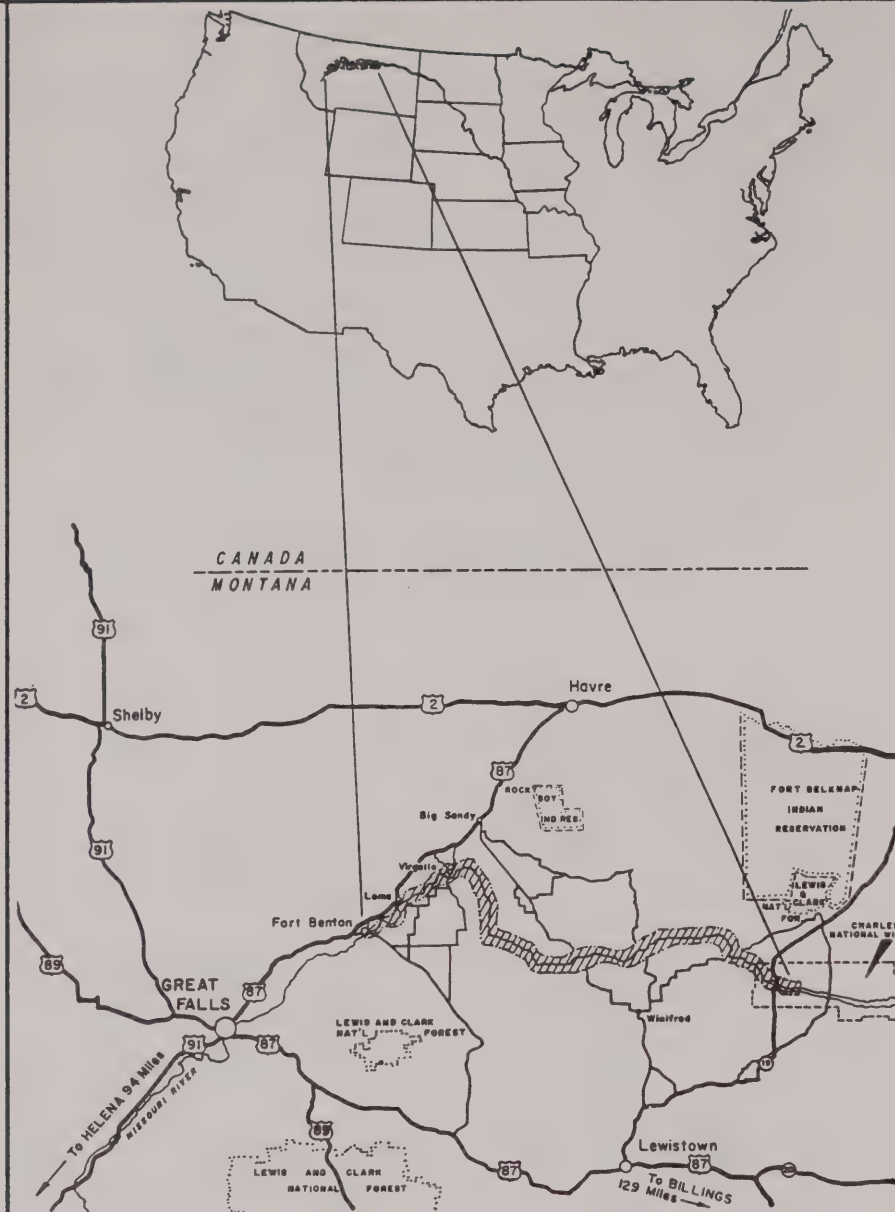
Introduction

The party members of the Matthews-Wetherell Upper Missouri River Trip took turns writing a journal of their observations, just as Lewis and Clark did on their historic trip on the same stretch of river in June of 1805. Our party consisted of 3 adults, 4 teenagers and 3 children, teamed for most of the trip as follows (Stern - Bow):

Zeila Matthews	Kelly Wulfekuhle
C.S. Wetherell	Brian Wetherell
Roger Matthews	Matthew Matthews
Val Hayes	Angie Wulfekuhle
Genie Hayes	April Rhoades

The combinations of adult-child and teenager-teenager proved durable and flexible and enabled us to cope with the hardships and enjoy the good times on our adventurous and memorable trip down the historic Upper Missouri Wild and Scenic River. Stan Wetherell's canoe-rowing rig was interesting and worked surprisingly well on the Missouri River.

The Journal is presented as written by various members during the trip, including spelling and phrasing.



The Trip Begins

First Day, Saturday, June 24, 1989. Canoeed 8.0 Miles this day
Reached Camp 1, "ISLAND CAMP", Mile 8.0

Great Falls, Montana. I woke this morning with butterflies - a familiar feeling. I have awakened with them aplenty all of the last 30 days anticipating this day. Today we get on the water. We woke up a little later than we planned. Stan and Roger worked late into the night to get the rowing rig in the Grumman Canoe Stan bought. We are breaking camp in the KOA at Great Falls, and getting ready to drive to Fort Benton and our put-in. (ZM)

Right now its 9:52 Montana time. We are running pretty late and we will get to our starting point in the middle of a parade. This is my first experience going down a river in a canoe. So far, even though we haven't gotten on the river it is lots of fun. It's going to be hard but at the same time fun as long as we all get along. We are just about ready to leave, we got everything packed. So we are leaving approx 10:15, from the KOA campsite in Great Falls. (AR)

Ft Benton, a river town with one main street along the Missouri River, was celebrating with a frontier parade right in front of our launch point, with cowboys, Indians, covered wagons, Mounties, and bands (including a bagpipe band to Stan's delight). What a send-off for a canoe trip down the historic Lewis and Clark route on the Upper Missouri. They were even firing cannon balls into the river! (RM)

We eventually put in and pushed off down-river, avoiding a last cannon ball fired after we left. Genie and April were startled and nearly upset by a beaver that bumped under their canoe shortly after takeoff. (RM)

We camped on a small island, just opposite Lewis and Clark's historic camp of June 12, 1805. Nice camp with a gravel bar nicely suited to bathing. We adjusted quickly to the camp and things looked promising for the trip. Mom and I had to get up at 2:00 am and quickly lash all the canoes down, as a big wind came up. (RM)

Right now we are at our "first found" camp site. We've gone about, well between 8 and 10 miles. It has been fun but hard. We are making dinner, its 8:45. We are

having spaghetti and cinnamon rolls for dessert. We are at a pretty good campsite. It has nice scenery, but we could have a possible rain. We've had signs of deer but we have no trouble with the animals, not even bugs!! (AR)

Zella, April and Matt fixed an excellent spaghetti dinner. Zella commented that 3 lbs of spaghetti was TOO much! (RM)

Second Day, Sunday, June 25, 1989.
Canoeed 11.3 miles this day
Reached Camp 2, "BLACK BLUFF RAPIDS CAMP", Mile 19.3

This will probably be our worst day--rain off and on--wind constant. Saw lots of river elk (cows) and farmland. Went under first ferry (LOMA), without incident. Wind was so strong that we pulled over to right side for lunch and were stuck there for two hours. Zella Matthews and Matt Matthews nearly stepped on a huge timber rattlesnake. We were so composed, however, that we set up lunch within 20 feet of the rotten log it hid under. (RM)

We took off again, encouraged by 4 canoes that we saw going by. (We didn't realize at the time that the lead canoe had a motor

and was towing the others.) We tried, but the wind was so strong that we were afraid to try Black Bluff rapids (our first rapids), so we pulled over to set up camp about 5 pm about 1/2 mile from our lunch stop. We didn't realize that WE WERE ON Black Bluff Rapids! We had to walk too far, but otherwise it was a good camp. Stan, Val and Brian fixed excellent dinner of beef stroganoff and cherry cheese cake. (RM)

Third Day, Monday, June 26, 1989, Canoeed 27.5 miles this day

Reached Camp 3, "LITTLE SANDY CREEK CAMP", Mile 46.8

Broke camp [at Black Bluff Rapids], took us 3-1/2 hours to get underway. Things went OK at first but soon wind and rain hit us. Was absolutely miserable day. We stopped for an hour for a rainy lunch--built a fire. Continued on in light rain, which continuously got worse. [One canoe saw an unidentified snake swimming in the river.] Passed lots of river elk, passed Virgile Ferry. (RM)

Coal Banks--after the ferry we went thru a long stretch of pasture land, and finally came to Coal Banks Landing. Talked to the lady River Ranger and picked up some tips, such as the best next camp was Little Sandy. Got fresh water from pump and were on our way. (RM)

Lightning struck nearby, frighteningly close. We got off the water quickly, but after a few minutes we decided to sprint to our next campsite, which was Little Sandy Creek. It was a nice campsite, but the creek we pulled the canoes into was full of mud. [Val was walking in mud down in Little Sandy Creek while unloading the canoes and cut her foot on a stick. Roger pulled out First Aid kit and washed and bandaged the cut.] Roger, Genie and Kelley fixed Chili Beans and Cookies and everyone bombed off to bed, after a nice walk to the top of a hill next to camp. [We did not realize it at the time, but there were a lot of ancient Indian tipi rings in the vicinity.] (RM)

Fourth Day, Tuesday, June 27, 1989, Canoeed 18.3 miles this day

Reached Camp 4, "LOST SHOVEL CAMP", Mile 65.1

We decided to sleep in until 6 am, and take it easy. We were on the river by 9:45 am, slowed by an emergency with April. She was helping strike a tent when a sliver of fiberglass from the tent poles went entirely thru her finger. We sterilized her finger with alcohol, slit the finger with the scalpel blade in the snake bit kit and pulled the fiberglass out with tweezers, then washed it with soap and water, swabbed it with Tincture of Benzoin and bandaged it. Also washed and bandaged the infected cut on Val's foot. (RM)

The day was enchantingly beautiful, the white cliffs were gorgeous and the weather perfect. From 9 am to 2 pm we cruised peacefully, with the girls from time to time standing in their canoes and singing tunes at the top of their lungs, and bouncing them off the canyon walls. Some of the tunes they sang or made up were as follows: "Day-Oh, day-ay-oh, Daylight come, and I want to go home!..." etc.; "I've been paddling on the river, All the live long day, I've been paddling on the river, Just to pass the time away..." etc (to the tune of "I've been working on the railroad"); Oh give me a Home, Where the Buffalo Roam...", etc: "Hi-lo, eeny-meeny-ca-ca, oom-cha-cha, wee-WAH-

WAH!, Hecta-minica, onica-zonica, boom-de-ah-da, -YOO-HOO!", and many others. They carried a pretty good tune, and all of us enjoyed the serenade as we drifted by the fascinating white cliffs. (Rumors were afoot that the girls went over to the far-distant side of the river 1/2 mile away from the rest of us so they could sunbathe without their tops.) (RM)

We paid for our indulgence dearly. At 2:30 a thunderstorm shattered the gorgeous day. We rushed past LaBarge and Citadel Rocks. Roger intentionally passed a marked campground, thinking it was the wrong one. Over the objections of the teenagers, Roger insisted on pushing on to Hole-In-The-Wall. When the party arrived at Hole-In-The-Wall, we realized that it was a geological feature, with no campground in sight, just a muddy V-shaped gorge. The teenagers had been right about the marked campground a mile back. There was no way to go back upriver, however. Ahead was a bleak river, with walls of rock and mud and thunder and lightning on all 4 sides of us, and Angie getting sicker and sicker. (RM)

We rushed to find a place to camp. Angie got sick and became cargo. We rushed to find a place with good shelter and level ground. We got to a place, about mi 65, and set up a tarp to get under. Roger and I, Val, made mad dashes down to the canoes to get gear and tie down the canoes. (VH)

After an hour, the storm passed. We had beef stew and brownies for dinner, cooked by Zella, Angie and Matt. The kids sat around the fire, and told jokes and funny stories for an hour to unwind. (RM)

Fifth Day, Wednesday, June 28, 1989, Canoeed 25.4 miles this day

Reached Camp 5, "APRIL'S AND GENIE'S BOTTOMS CAMP", Mile 90.5

Today in the morning everyone was tired and I was very cold. I know that everybody got warm by the fire. At lunch [at Slaughter River] Angie got hurt but Roger fixed her wound on her foot. (BW)

The girls caught the eye of a river guide on shore just as he put his finger up his nose. The girls were busted up over that for the rest of the trip. (GH)

We were on the river for 10-1/2 miles after we ate lunch. We came upon Judith Landing and we filled up on water. We came on a spot everyone hated so we left. [The girls found the tall grass claustrophobic.] We went through some rapids and found a spot. (BW)

I often overheard Stan saying, "I love it!", no matter what was going on. (ZM)

April and Genie scouted ahead and selected the campsite. Since we were planning to camp at Greasewood Bottoms the next night, we called this place "April's and Genie's Bottoms Camp". The girls were able to shave their legs and wash their hair on a nice cobblestone bar in the river. After the kids were in bed, the adults also washed up in the river. (Rumors were afoot that some of the adults were skinny-dipping.) A delicious dinner of Spanish Rice with seasoned hamburger and tomato dressing was prepared by Stan and Val and Brian. Cookies for dessert. It took Val three tries to get a bowl of rice, but the ants loved her for it. (RM)

Then a big storm hit and we were in the eye of the storm. This next morning it was warm and the sunrise was beautiful. (BW)

Sixth Day, Thursday, June 29, 1989, Canoeed 21.5 miles this day

Reached Camp 6, "LOST SHOE CAMP", Mile 112.0

Today the wakeup call was at 5:00 am. everybody was up except for the four girls (April, Angie, Val, Genie). Genie was the first girl out at 7:10 am. So today we are of to a slow but coming start. Right now it is Breakfast time and we are sick of oatmeal and we want bacon and eggs. there is mud that is up to your waist in places. we call the mud Missouri Mud. A few people's pants are ripping. Right now it is real pretty. there are different types of birds and fish are constantly jumping in the river. (MM)

While we are packing away our gear and stowing our tents, we still are late for our start. If we get of on to the water within the next hour I will be surprised. does that tell you how late we are at this point on our expedition. We finally made it on the water at 9:30 am. As we proceeded down the river we reached Galaveres rapids [Gallatin Rapids] at approximately 10:30 am. then at 11:35 am we reached Bear Rappids, then at 11:53 am we reached the Little Dog Rappids. Then we reached the Dolphino rappid [Dauphin Rapids] at 1:20 pm. (MM)

Then going down stream we reached our lunch spot which was the exact spot that Lewis and Clark spent one of their nights. [McGarry Bar, May 27, 1805]. Then we went to greasewood valley [Greasewood Bottoms], but like usual my dad did not want to sleep thier but this time he had a good reason their was a group of thirteen canoes coming down stream to camp their but even worse the group had a charter boat with three teenage boy which none liked except for the four girls. (MM)

So then we went down river ten miles to a spot called no name campground ["LOST SHOE CAMP"]. across the river we saw a family of mountain goats, and I saw a mining cave. my dad saw it to. Then later every body put life preservers on and floated down river and to people lost thier shoes. Today was AWESOME and FUN. (MM)

Today was Grandma's birthday. No doubt in her honor, th is was the only day with no thunderstorms, and perfect weather from sun-up to sundown. For her birthday dinner she requested Chicken Stew (very delicious), which was cooked up by Roger, April and Kelly, and April made chocolate pudding for dessert. Afterwards, when everyone was in their tents, we filled the air with the Happy Birthday son, sung twice, for Grandma!! (RM)

Seventh Day, Friday, June 30, 1989, Canoeed 37 miles this day

Reached Camp 7, "JAMES KIPP STATE PARK", Mile 149

Today we got up at 5:00 and loaded the canoes. We all were tiered. Today will be a long day. We got on the water at 8:00 for the first time. We went through 4 little rappid that helped our pace. We had rest stops every hour for five minutes which usually extended to ten or twenty. The mud along the banks got worse with fewer gravel bars. The lunch stop was on then left bank just on the low side of Cow Island landing (a Lewis and Clark camp). (KW)

The 4 girls didn't eat and instead caught up on some "beauty" sleep. The afternoon was boring and hot. the wind in our face made the going hard. We saw 3 mountain sheep on our way to our campsite. (KW)

We stopped at an abandoned homestead at mile 135.8. All that was left of a large 100

year-old frame house was the brick and natural stone fireplace, the stone-walled basement, and an outhouse made of huge logs (a 3-holer). It was interesting, but wouldn't make a suitable campsite because of long portages to canoes. (RM)

We couldn't find a really inviting campsite because of the mud, so after a stop we decided to go for it. Only 12 miles to go. We filled up our water bottles and ate a big snack before setting off on the last leg of our adventure. (KW)

We called April cookie monster because she ate so many of Carol's cookies. (We all loved them.) The last 12 miles were actually pretty easy. The first 8 passed by with ease since the wind had died down. We passed the people who had past us on the 2nd day [camped on Grand Island] and we loved every minute of it, singing all the way past them. At about mile 4 [from the end] we decided to go silently because we had seen some beavers. (KW)

We went on that way for about 2 miles and during that time we heard probably 20 or 30 beaver slaps. Over half of these (we think) were produced by the same beaver. At the 2 mile [from the end] mark we decided to floor it to the state park and so we did. It was great to see people and hear actual cars. The almost daily thunder storm hit us except things felt pretty calm until the time we finally went to bed (10:00 pm we think). Then the wind picked up but I didn't feel much rain. (KW)

At the Kipp State Park landing a beaver was less than a canoe length from us, right at the bank. Beaver Sam watched Brian and I as we watched him, for perhaps 30 seconds, and then dove and disappeared under the muddy water. Brian had wanted to be at the landing first so I rowed hard and we were first at the upper landing. Since we did not use the upstream of the three landings at the park and as I got tangled up in canoe traffic as we moved downstream, Brian did not get his wish to be first. (CSW)

I used the sliding seat to row this trip. While an experienced heavy boat oarsman (shipboard whaleboat types) I had almost no experience with this rowing rig. I still have much to learn about it but think it is very good for non-white water use. (CSW)

While nice to see people, did not think it very great to hear cars. Some of the fishermen were very nice about letting our boys use their gear and even fed them a fish breakfast. Our thanks to them. (CSW)

Over the whole trip we've avoided the cotton wood trees because of their deadly "widowmaker" reputation. This state park, however, has put us in the midst of a grove.

Luckily only one twig fell on us through the storm. (KW)

We were at James Kipp State Park for a night, a whole relaxing day, and another night. The first night was mainly taken up with putting up tents, eating dinner, checking out the campground and getting to bed. The boys enjoyed watching the fishermen along the banks during our entire stay at what some called "Moth Camp" because everytime you lifted anything off the ground, swarms of moths flew around like little tiny bats. They even hid behind the roll of toilet paper in park's toilet, and swarmed out when the roll was turned, which the girls hated! (RM)

Everyone slept in as long as they wanted! The next day we had a whole relaxing day to kill. All of the kids decided to walk 3 miles down the hot dusty highway to a little bar where they could buy pop (\$1.00) and candy. They were gone 4 hours. (RM)

The grownups made lemonade with cold well-water and sat back with feet up and relaxed. A restful day was had by all. The next morning we were up at 6 am to get ready for our car shuttle drivers, Alice and Bernie Bach, who were scheduled to deliver our cars to us by 9:00 am. They arrived at 8:30 am sharp. We were finally loaded and on the road by 10:00 am. Excitement was provided during the loading by a fisherman who showed us two huge paddlefish. One of them must have weighed nearly 100 lbs. (RM)

During our trip downriver, we had seen a number of truly enormous fish fighting their way upriver, each leaving a huge wake in their trail because of the shallowness of the river. We never knew if they were paddlefish or sturgeon. One of them nearly upset one of our canoes! (RM)

We arrived back at Fort Benton with our shuttle drivers and had hamburgers at a stand right across the road from our initial launch point a week earlier. What a neat way to close the trip. We looked at the Keelboat "Mandan" by the river and checked out a nearby frontier museum, then headed for the long drive home - over 1000 miles to go! (RM)

People have mentioned in early entries about the good meals that were cooked at night. Much of the food, including this food, was prepared by Zella in the month or so before the trip. All we had to do was take it out and heat it up. Thanks go to her, not only for this food, but for her work, planning and foresight that put this show on the road!!! (CSW)

Lessons Learned for Next Canoe Trip

1. Sterilizing eating utensils is done by Bob Singer's group as follows:
Supplies: Small bottle of Purex chlorine bleach and 2 old metal buckets.
Method: Mix 1/2 teaspoon bleach to 5 gallons river water in one bucket to form disinfecting solution.
Put other bucket of river water on fire and bring to boil. Boil for several minutes, then remove and let cool.
Now cook dinner and serve.
Wash dishes in disinfected water.
Rinse dishes with boiled (but now cooling) water.
2. Large map case with means to suspend it in view while canoeing.
3. Apples are good fruit to bring, and easy to manage.
4. Food: Prepare separate labeled box of

food for each day, with separate packages for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Prepare daily lunches and Gorp packages for each person, in separate pouches, labeled w/ magic marker. Use Zip Lock or seal-a-meal.

5. On a long trip, bring sturdy clothes and shoes in good condition, and a clothes and shoe mending kit.

6. On a river trip, bring strong tennis shoes that lace so they can't come off in mud or strong currents.

7. Good idea to bring a number of small bars of soap. Then all eggs are not in one basket if they get lost.

8. Map of area for each canoe.

10. Double-bladed paddle for each canoe's Stern position.

11. Tupperware box to hold personal eating utensils.

12. Whisk brooms nice for tent.

13. Mini-Lawn chairs were great.

14. Some liked the idea of radios for music to paddle to.

16. Extra batteries for camera, flashlight, etc.

17. List of group equipment, and person responsible for it.

18. Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion would have been great for cracked skin, which the Missouri river mud caused when it dried out your skin.

Things We Liked The Most and Hated The Most On The Trip

Zella Matthews: Like the wilderness, the scenery and the people, and hated the rattlesnake, the wind and weather and mud, and not being able to see the maps.

Stan Wetherell: Liked the mountain goats, and hated the mud.

Roger Matthews: Like the singing on the river, the white cliffs, the people, the adventure, and the fact that nobody was badly hurt on the trip, and hated the bad weather and the mud in the campsites.

Val Hayes: Liked standing up and singing, the homestead, and watching the Beavers slap the water, and hated the bad weather.

Genie Hayes: Liked the 4th day in the white cliffs, and the 5th day without any storms, and hated the driving rain all day on the 3rd day.

April Rhoades: Liked it when it was fun, and hated the paddling and the thunderstorms.

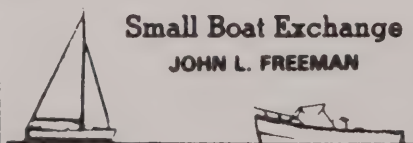
Angie Wulfekuhle: Liked being able to finish a day early, and hated the bad weather.

Kelly Wulfekuhle: Liked getting home, and hated the trip. (Editors note: Kelley really seemed to like the singing on the trip, especially, "I've been paddling on the River...", etc., and she hated the thunder when it was close.)

Matthew Matthews: Liked floating down the river in lifejackets at the LOST SHOE CAMP, and hated the mud. (Editors note: You could have fooled me, I thought Matthew and Brian LOVED THE MUD the way they played in it all the time!)

Brian Wetherell: Liked the 4th day when we relaxed and went through the white cliffs area, and also liked "Push Day", the last day when we pushed all the way to the state park and SLEPT IN, and I hated the mud.

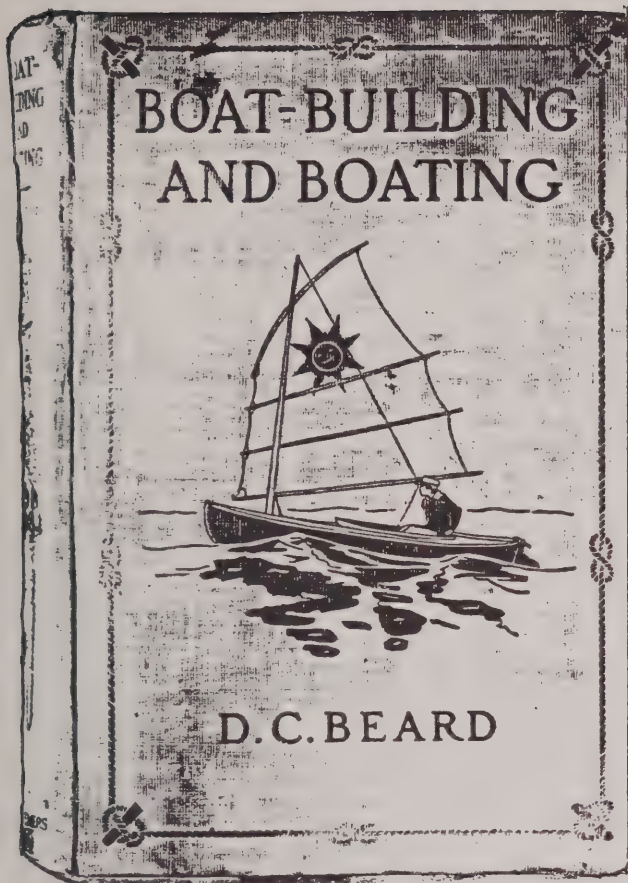
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CHAPTER II HOME-MADE BOATS

Birth of the "Man-Friday" Catamaran—The Crusoe Raft and Chump Rafts

NOR so very many years ago I remember visiting, in company with my cousin Tom, a small lake at the headwaters of the Miami. High and precipitous cliffs surround the little body of water. So steep were the great weather-beaten rocks that it was only where the stream came tumbling down past an old mill that an accessible path then existed. Down that path Tom and I scrambled, for we knew that large bass lurked in the deep, black holes among the rocks.

We had no jointed split-bamboo rods nor fancy tackle, but the fish there in those days were not particular and seldom hesitated to bite at an angle-worm or grasshopper though the hook upon which the bait squirmed was suspended by a coarse line from a freshly cut hickory sapling.

Even now I feel the thrill of excitement and expectancy as, in imagination, my pole is bent nearly double by the frantic struggles of those "gamy" black bass. After spending the morning fishing we built a fire upon a short stretch of sandy beach, and cleaning our fish and washing them in the spring close at hand, we put them among the embers to cook.

While the fire was getting our dinner ready for us we threw off our clothes and plunged into the cool waters of the lake. Inexpert swimmers as we were at that time, the opposite shore, though apparently only a stone's throw distant, was too far off for us to reach by swimming. Many a longing and curious glance we cast toward it, however, and strong was the temptation that beset us to try the unknown depths intervening. A pair of brown ears appeared above the ferns near the water's edge, and a fox peeped at us; squirrels ran about the fallen trunks of trees or scampered up the rocks as saucily as though they understood that we could not swim well enough to reach their side of the lake; and high up the face of the cliff was a dark spot which we almost knew to be the entrance to some mysterious cavern.

How we longed for a boat! But not even a raft nor a dug-out could be seen anywhere upon the glassy surface of the water or along its rocky border. We nevertheless determined to explore the lake next day, even if we should have to paddle astride of a log.

The first rays of the morning sun had not reached the dark waters before my companion and I were hard at work, with axe and hatchet, chopping in twain a long log we had discovered near the mill. We had at first intended to build a raft; but gradually we evolved a sort of catamaran. The two pieces of log we sharpened at the ends for the bow; then we rolled the logs down upon the beach, and while I went into the thicket to chop down some saplings my companion borrowed an auger from the miller. We next placed the logs about three feet apart, and marking the points where we intended to put the cross-pieces, we cut notches there; then we placed the saplings across, fitting them into these notches. To hold them securely we bored holes down through the sapling cross-pieces into the logs; with the hatchet we hammered wooden pegs into these holes. For the seat we used the half of a section of log, the flat side fitting into places cut for that purpose. All that remained to be done now was to make a seat in the stern and a pair of rowlocks. At a proper distance from the oarsman's seat we bored two holes for a couple of forked sticks, which answered admirably for rowlocks; across the stern we fastened another piece of log similar to that used for the oarsman's seat (Fig. 8½). With the help of a man from the mill our craft was launched; and with a pair of oars made of old pine boards we rowed off, leaving the miller waving his hat.

Our catamaran was not so light as a row-boat, but it floated, and we could propel it with the oars, and, best of all, it was our own invention and made with our own hands. We called it a "Man-Friday," and by its means we explored every nook in the length and breadth of the lake; and ever afterward when we wanted a boat we knew a simple and inexpensive way to make one—and a safe one, too.



Fig. 8½.—The Man-Friday.

The Crusoe Raft

is another rustic craft, but it is of more ambitious dimensions than the "Man-Friday." Instead of being able to float only one or two passengers, the "Crusoe," if properly built, ought to accommodate a considerable party of raftsmen. Of course the purpose for which the raft is to be used, and the number of the crew that is expected to man it, must be taken into consideration when deciding upon the dimensions of the proposed craft.

All the tools that are necessary for the construction of a good stout raft are an axe, an auger, and a hatchet, with some strong arms to wield them.

The building material can be gathered from any driftwood heap on lake or stream.

For a moderate-sized raft collect six or seven logs, the longest not being over sixteen feet in length nor more than a foot in diameter; the logs must be tolerably straight. Pick out the longest and biggest for the centre, sharpen one end, roll the log into the water, and there secure it.

Select two logs as nearly alike as possible, to lie one at each side of the centre log. Measure the centre log, and make the

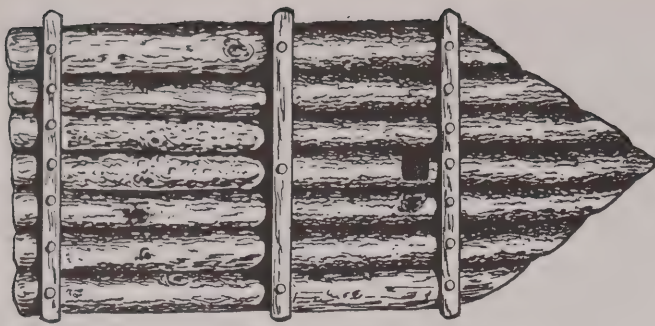


Fig. 9.—Plan of Crusoe raft.

point of each side log, not at its own centre, but at that side of it which will lie against the middle log, so that this side point shall terminate where the pointing of the middle log begins (see Fig. 9).

After all the logs needed have been trimmed and sharpened in the manner just described, roll them into the water and arrange them in order (Fig. 9). Fasten them together with "cross-strips," boring holes through the strips to correspond with holes bored into the logs lying beneath, and through these holes drive wooden pegs. The pegs should be a trifle larger than the holes; the water will cause the pegs to swell, and they will hold much more firmly than iron nails.

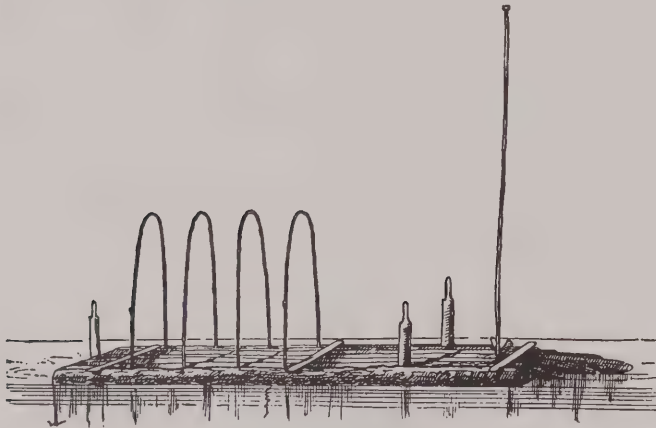


Fig. 10.—Skeleton of Crusoe raft.

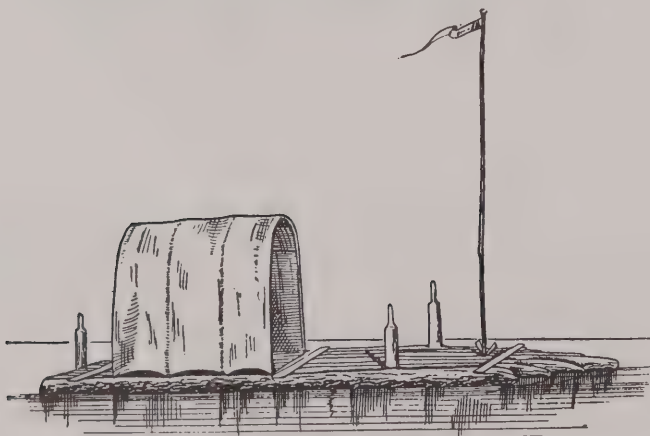


Fig. 11.—Crusoe with cabin covered.

The skeleton of the cabin can be made of saplings; such as are used for hoop-poles are the best.

These are each bent into an arch, and the ends are thrust into holes bored for that purpose. Over this hooping a piece of canvas is stretched, after the manner of old-fashioned country wagons (Figs. 10 and 11).

Erect a "jack-staff," to be used as a flag-pole or a mast to rig a square sail on.

A stout stick should be erected at the stern, and a similar one upon each side of the raft near the bow; these sticks, when

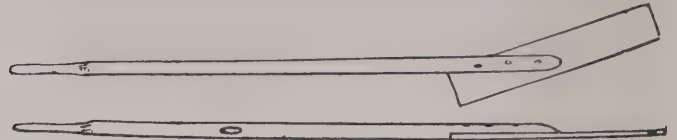


Fig. 12.—Sweeps.

their ends are made smaller, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 10), serve as rowlocks.

For oars use "sweeps"—long poles, each with a piece of board for a blade fastened at one end (Fig. 12).

Holes must be bored through the poles of the sweeps about three feet from the handle, to slip over the pegs used as rowlocks, as described above. These pegs should be high enough to allow the oarsman to stand while using the sweeps.

A flat stone or earth box placed at the bow will serve as a fire-place.

If the cracks between the logs under the cabin are filled up to prevent the water splashing through, and the cabin is floored with cross-sticks, a most comfortable bed at night can be made of hay, by heaping it under the canvas cover in sufficient quantities.

The Crusoe raft has this great advantage over all boats: you may take a long trip down the river, allowing the current to bear you along, using the sweeps only to assist the man at the helm (rear sweep); then, after your excursion is finished you may abandon your raft and return by steam-boat or train. A very useful thing to the swimmers, when they are skylarking in the water, is

The Chump's Raft

Its construction is simple. Four boards, each about six feet long, are nailed together in the form of a square, with the ends of the boards protruding, like the figure drawn upon a school-boy's slate for the game of "Tit, tat, toe" (Fig. 13).

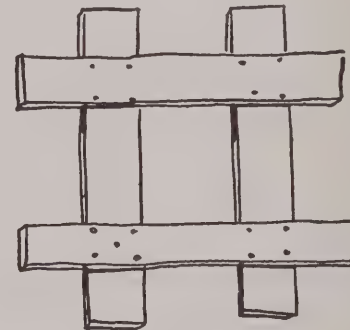


Fig. 13.—The chump's raft.

All nail-points must be knocked off and the heads hammered home, to prevent serious scratches and wounds on the bather's body when he clammers over the raft or slips off in an attempt to do so (Fig. 14).

Beginners get in the middle hole, and there, with a support within reach all around them, they can venture with comparative safety in deep water.

The raft, which I built as a model fifteen years ago, is still in use at my summer camp, where scores of young people have used it with a success proved by their present skill as swimmers. But many camps are located in a section of the country where boards are as scarce as boarding-houses, but where timber, in its rough state, exists in abundance. The campers in such locations can make

A Chump's Raft of Logs

Such a float consists of two dried logs fastened together at each end by cross-slabs, so as to form a rude catamaran. These rafts can be towed through deep water by a canoe or row-boat, with

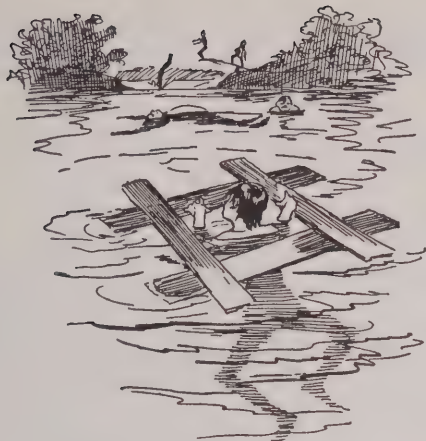


Fig. 14.—A beginner in a chump's raft.

the tenderfoot securely swung in a sling between the logs, where he may practice the hand-and-foot movement with a sense of security which only the certainty that he is surrounded by a wooden life-preserver will give him. Fig. 15 shows a top view of the new chump's raft. In Fig. 16 the two logs are connected fore and aft by cross-slabs; two more upright slabs are nailed securely to the side of the logs; notches having been cut in the top ends of these slabs, a stout cross-piece is securely nailed to them and the towel or rope sling suspended from the middle of the cross-piece. In regard to the dimensions of the raft it is only necessary to say that it should be wide and long enough to allow free movement of the arms and legs of the pupil who is suspended between the logs. In almost every wilderness stream there can

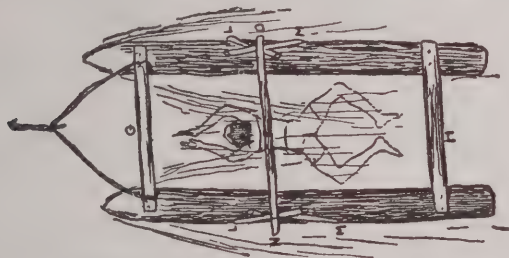


Fig. 15.—Looking down on a chump's raft in motion.

be found piles of driftwood on the shore where one may select good, dried, well-seasoned pine or spruce logs from which to make rafts. If such heaps of driftwood are not within reach, look for some standing dead timber and select that which is of sufficient dimensions to support a swimmer, and be careful that it is not hollow or rotten in the core. Rotten wood will soon become



Fig. 16.—Side view of chump's log raft.

water-logged and heavy. Fig. 17 shows the position of the swimmer supported by the chump's sling. If your raft has a tendency to work so that one log pulls ahead of the other, it may be braced by cross-pieces, such as are shown at J and K in Fig. 18. This figure also shows supports for a suspension pole made by nailing two sticks to each side and allowing the ends to cross so as to form a crotch in which the supporting rod rests and to which it is securely fastened by nails, or by being bound there by a piece of rope, as in A, Fig. 19. B, Fig. 19, shows the crotch

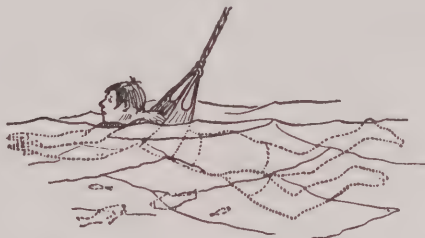


Fig. 17.—Learning to swim by aid of a chump sling.

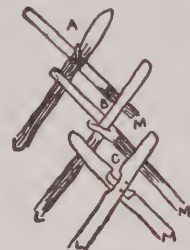


Fig. 19.—Details of saw-buck supports.

made by resting L in a fork on the M stick and then nailing or binding it in place. C, Fig. 19, shows the two sticks, L and M, joined by notches cut log-cabin fashion before they are nailed in place.

Although many summers have rolled around since the author first made his advent on this beautiful earth, he still feels the call of the bathing pool, the charm of the spring-board, almost as keenly as he did when he was wont to swim in Blue Hole at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or dive from the log rafts into the Ohio River, or slide down the "slippery" made in the steep muddy banks of the Licking River, Kentucky.

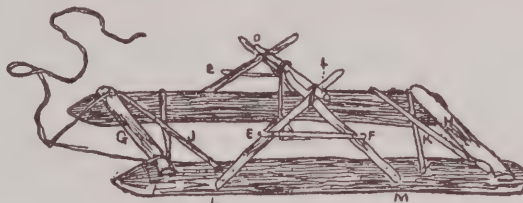


Fig. 18.—Another way to rig a chump.

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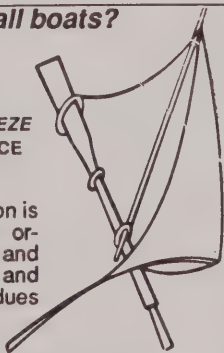
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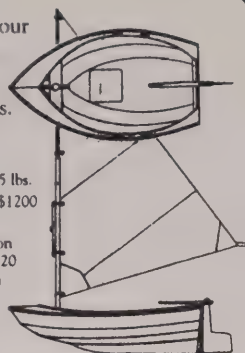
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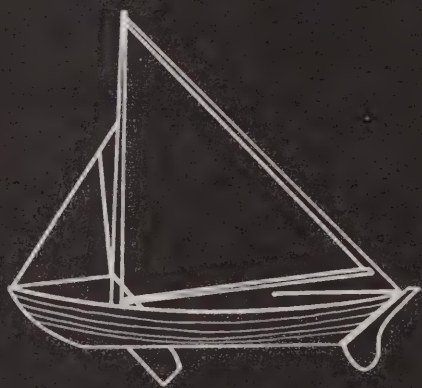
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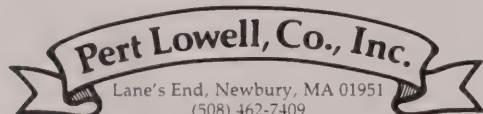
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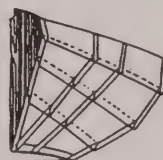
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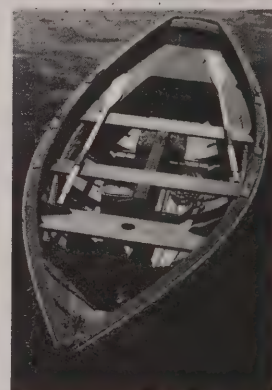


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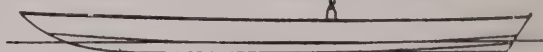


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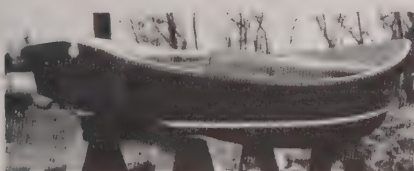
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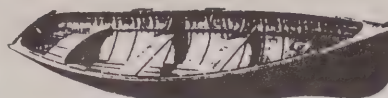


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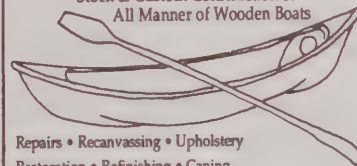


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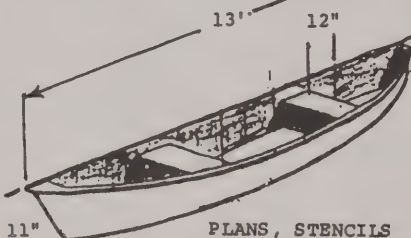
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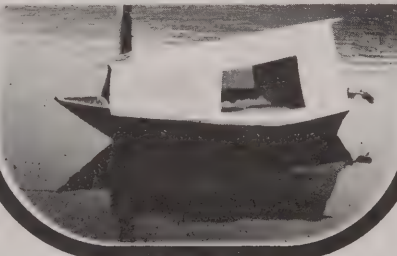
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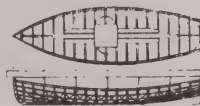
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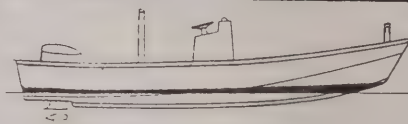
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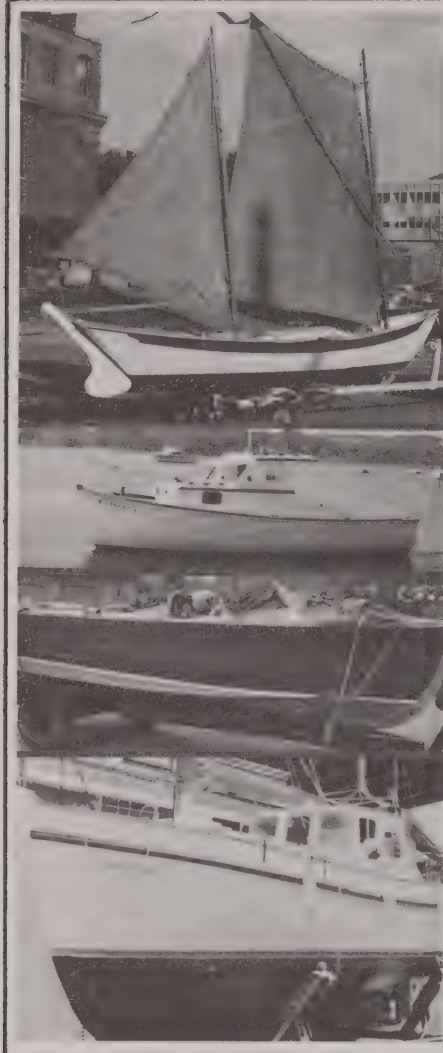


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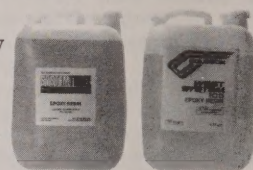
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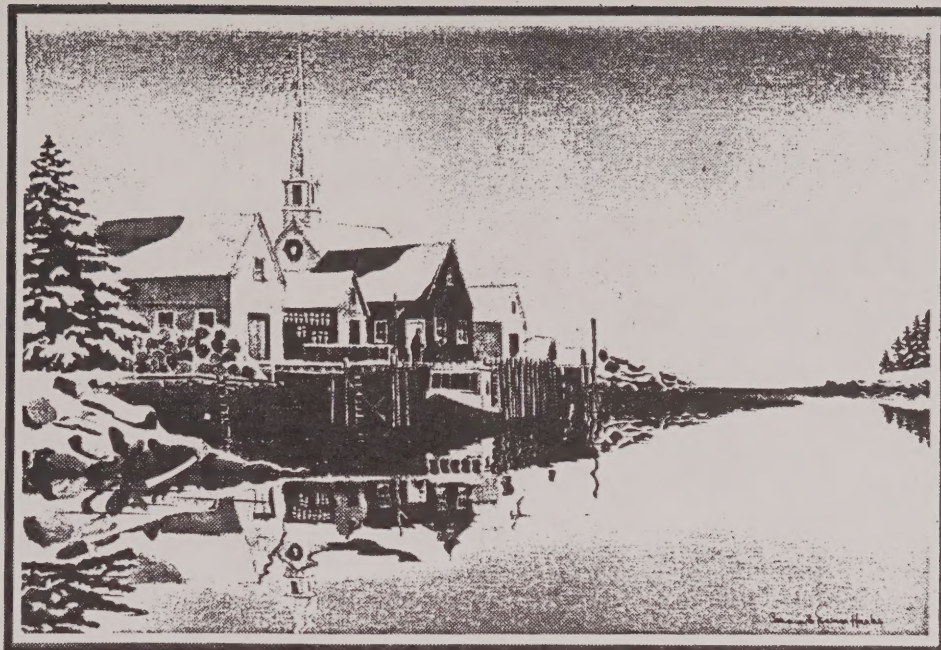
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